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REMORSE.

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

Remorse is as the heart, in which it grows:
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
Weeps only tears of poison!

ACT I. SCENE I.

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MEMORANDUM

TO THE SECRETARY

OF THE TREASURY

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PREFACE.

THIS Tragedy was written in the summer and autumn of the year 1797; at Nether Stowey, in the county of Somerset. By whose recommendation, and of the manner in which both the Play and the Author were treated by the Recommender, let me be permitted to relate: that I knew of its having been received only by a third person; that I could procure neither answer nor the manuscript; and that but for an accident I should have had no copy of the Work itself. That such treatment would damp a young man's exertions may be easily conceived: there was no need of after-misrepresentation and calumny, as an additional sedative.

As an amusing anecdote, and in the wish to prepare future Authors, as young as I then was and as ignorant of the world, of the treatment they may meet with, I will add, that the Person who by a twice conveyed recommendation (in the year 1797) had urged me to write a Tragedy: who on my own objection that I was utterly ignorant of all Stage-tactics had

promised that *he* would himself make the necessary alterations, if the Piece should be at all representable ; who together with the copy of the Play (hastened by his means so as to prevent the full developement* of the characters) received a letter from the Author to this purport, “ *that conscious of his inexperience, he had cherished no expectations, and should therefore feel no disappointment from the rejection of the Play ; but that if beyond his hopes Mr. ——— found in it any capability of being adapted to the Stage, it was delivered to him as if it had been his own Manuscript, to add, omit, or alter, as he saw occasion ; and that (if it were rejected) the Author would deem himself amply remunerated by the addition to his Experience, which he should receive, if Mr. ——— would point out to him the nature of its unfitness for public Representation ;*”—that this very Person returned me no answer, and, spite of repeated applications, retained my Manuscript when I was not conscious of any other Copy being in existence (my duplicate having been destroyed by an accident) ; that he suffered this Manuscript to wander about the Town from his house, so that but ten days

* I need not say to Authors, that as to the *essentials* of a Poem, little can be superinduced without dissonance, after the first warmth of conception and composition.

ago I saw the song in the third Act *printed* and set to music, without my name, by Mr. Carnaby, in the year 1802; likewise that the same person asserted (as I have been assured) that the Play was rejected, because I would not submit to the alteration of one ludicrous line; and finally in the year 1806 amused and delighted (as who was ever in his company, if I may trust the universal report, without being amused and delighted?) a large company at the house of a highly respectable Member of Parliament, with the ridicule of the Tragedy, as “a *fair specimen*” of the *whole* of which he adduced a line:

“*Drip! drip! drip! there’s nothing here but dripping.*”

In the original copy of the Play, in the first Scene of the fourth Act, Isidore *had* commenced his Soliloquy in the Cavern with the words:

“*Drip! drip! a ceaseless sound of water-drops.*”

as far as I can at present recollect: for on the possible ludicrous association being pointed out to me, I instantly and thankfully struck out the line. And as to my obstinate *tenacity*, not only my old acquaintance, but (I dare boldly aver) both the Managers of Drury Lane Theatre, and every Actor and Actress, whom I have recently met in the Green Room,

will repel the accusation: perhaps not without surprise.

I thought it right to record these circumstances; but I turn gladly and with sincere gratitude to the converse. In the close of last year I was advised to present the Tragedy once more to the Theatre. Accordingly having altered the names, I ventured to address a letter to Mr. Whitbread, requesting information as to whom I was to present my Tragedy. My Letter was instantly and most kindly answered, and I have now nothing to tell but a Tale of Thanks. I should scarce know where to begin, if the goodness of the Manager, Mr. ARNOLD, had not called for my first acknowledgements. Not merely as an *acting Play*, but as a dramatic *Poem*, the REMORSE has been importantly and manifoldly benefited by his suggestions. I can with severest truth say, that every hint he gave me was the ground of some improvement. In the next place it is my duty to mention Mr. RAYMOND, the Stage Manager. Had the "REMORSE" been his own Play—nay, that is saying too little—had I been his brother, or his dearest friend, he could not have felt or exerted himself more zealously.

As the Piece is now acting, it may be thought presumptuous in me to speak of the Actors: yet how can I abstain, feel-

ing, as I do, Mrs. GLOVER's powerful assistance, and knowing the circumstances under which she consented to act Alhadra? A time will come, when without painfully oppressing her feelings, I may speak of this more fully. To Miss SMITH I have an equal, though different acknowledgement to make, namely, for her acceptance of a character not fully developed, and quite inadequate to her extraordinary powers. She enlivened and supported many passages, which (though not perhaps wholly uninteresting in the closet) would but for her have hung heavy on the ears of a Theatrical Audience. And in speaking the Epilogue, a composition which (I fear) my hurry will hardly excuse, and which, as unworthy of her name, is here omitted, she made a sacrifice, which only her established character with all judges of Tragic action, could have rendered compatible with her duty to herself. To Mr. DE CAMP's judgement and full conception of Isidore; to Mr. POPE's accurate representation of the partial, yet honourable Father; to Mr. ELLISTON's energy in the character of ALVAR, and who in more than one instance gave it beauties and striking points, which not only delighted but surprized me; and to Mr. RAE, to whose zeal, and unwearied study of his part I am not less indebted as a *Man*, than to his impassion-

ed realization of *ORDONIO*, as an *Author*; ———to these, and to all concerned with the bringing out of the Play, I can address but one word—*THANKS!*—but that word is uttered sincerely! and to persons constantly before the eye of the Public, a public acknowledgement becomes appropriate, and a duty.

I defer all answers to the different criticisms on the Piece to an Essay, which I am about to publish immediately, on Dramatic Poetry, relatively to the present State of the Metropolitan Theatres.

From the necessity of hastening the Publication I was obliged to send the Manuscript intended for the Stage: which is the sole cause of the number of directions printed in Italics.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

PROLOGUE,

BY C LAMB.

Spoken by Mr. Carr.

There are, I am told, who sharply criticise
Our modern theatres unwieldy size.
We players shall scarce plead guilty to that charge,
Who think a house can never be too large :
Griev'd when a rant, that's worth a nation's ear,
Shakes some prescrib'd Lyceum's petty sphere ;
And pleased to mark the grin from space to space
Spread epidemic o'er a town's broad face.—
O might old Betterton or Booth return
To view our structures from their silent urn,
Could Quin come stalking from Elysian glades,
Or Garrick get a day-rule from the shades—
Where now, perhaps, in mirth which Spirits approve,
He imitates the ways of men above,
And apes the actions of our upper coast,
As in his days of flesh he play'd the ghost :—
How might they bless our ampler scope to please,
And hate their own old shrunk up audiences.—
Their houses yet were palaces to those,
Which Ben and Fletcher for their triumphs chose.
Shakspeare, who wish'd a kingdom for a stage,
Like giant pent in disproportion'd cage,
Mourn'd his contracted strengths and crippled rage.
He who could tame his vast ambition down
To please some scatter'd gleanings of a town,
And, if some hundred auditors supplied

THE PROLOGUE.

Their meagre meed of claps, was satisfied,
How had he felt, when that dread curse of Lear's
Had burst tremendous on a thousand ears,
While deep-struck wonder from applauding bands
Return'd the tribute of as many hands !
Rude were his guests ; he never made his bow
To such an audience as salutes us now.
He lack'd the balm of labor, female praise.
Few Ladies in his time frequented plays,
Or came to see a youth with aukward art
And shrill sharp pipe burlesque the woman's part.
The very use, since so essential grown,
Of painted scenes, was to his stage unknown.
The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest,
The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest—
The forest walks of Arden's fair domain,
Where Jaques fed his solitary vein—
No pencil's aid as yet had dared supply,
Seen only by the intellectual eye.
Those scenic helps, denied to Shakspeare's page,
Our Author owes to a more liberal age.
Nor pomp nor circumstance are wanting here ;
'Tis for himself alone that he must fear.
Yet shall remembrance cherish the just pride,
That (be the laurel granted or denied)
He first essay'd in this distinguish'd fane,
Severer muses and a tragic strain.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARQUIS VALDEZ, Father to the two brothers, and Donna Teresa's Guardian.	}	MR. POPE.
DON ALVAR, The eldest son.		MR. ELLISTON.
DON ORDONIO, The youngest son		MR. RAE.
MONVIEDRO, A Dominican and Inquisitor		MR. POWELL.
ZULIMEZ, The faithful attendant on Alvar.		MR. CROOKE.
ISIDORE, A Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.	}	MR. DE CAMP.
FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION.		
NAOMI		MR. WALLACE.
MOORS AND SERVANS, &c.		
DONNA TERESA, An Orphan Heiress. . .		MISS SMITH.
ALHADRA, Wife to Isidore.		MRS. GLOVER.

Time. The reign of Philip II., just, at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of Death.

REMORSE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Sea Shore on the Coast of Granada.

DON ALVAR, *wrapt in a Boat Cloak, and ZULIMEZ (a Moresco) both as just landed.*

Zul. No sound, no face of joy to welcome us !

Alv. My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment
Let me forget my anguish, and their crimes.
If aught on earth demand an unmix'd feeling,
'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us
To hail at once our country, and our birth place.
Hail, Spain ! Granada, hail ! once more I press
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers !

Zul. Then claim your rights in it ! O, revered
Don Alvar,

Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.
It is too hazardous ! reveal yourself,
And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt !

Alv. Remember, Zulimez ! I am his brother,
Injur'd indeed ! O deeply injur'd ! yet
Ordonio's brother.

Zul. Nobly minded Alvar !
This sure but gives his guilt a blacker die.

Alv. The more behoves it, I should rouse with-
in him

REMORSE! that I should save him from himself.

Zul. REMORSE is as the heart, in which it grows :
If that be gentle it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance, but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierc'd to the inmost
Weeps only tears of poison !

Alv. And of a brother,
Dare I hold this, unprov'd ? nor make one effort
To save him ?—Hear me, friend ! I have yet to tell
thee,

That this same life, which he conspir'd to take,
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,
And at the imminent hazard of his own:
Add too my oath—

Zul. You have thrice told already,
The year of absence and of secrecy,
To which a forced oath bound you : if in truth
A suborn'd murderer have the power to dictate
A binding oath.

Alv. My long captivity
Left me no choice : the very *Wish* too languish'd
With the fond *Hope*, that nurs'd it ; the sick babe,
Droop'd at the bosom of it's famish'd mother.
But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy ;
The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,
No motive could have tempted him to falsehood ;
In the first pangs of his awaken'd conscience,
When with abhorrence of his own black purpose
The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,
Fell from his palsied hand—

Zul. Heavy presumption !

Alv. It weigh'd not with me—Hark ! I will tell
thee all.

As we pass'd by, I bade thee mark the base
Of yonder Cliff—

Zul. That rocky seat you mean
Shaped by the billows?—

Alv. There Teresa met me
The morning of the day of my departure.
We were alone: the purple hue of dawn,
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
And blending with the blushes on her cheek
Suffus'd the tear drops there with rosy light.
There seem'd a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision! (*then with agitation.*
Had'st thou seen,
How in each motion her most innocent soul,
Beam'd forth and brighten'd; thou thyself would'st
tell me,
Guilt is a thing impossible in her!
She must be innocent!

Zul. (*with a sigh.*) Proceed, my Lord!

Alv. A portrait which she had procur'd by stealth,
(For even then it seems her heart foreboded.
Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry)
A portrait of herself with thrilling hand
She tied around my neck, conjuring me
With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
To my knowledge: nor did she desist,
Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
That (saye my own) no eye should e'er behold it
Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,
Knew that, which none but she could have dis-
clos'd.

Zul. A damning proof!

Alv. My own life wearied me!
And but for the imperative Voice within
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen,
That voice, which quell'd me, calm'd me, and I
sought
The Belgic states; there join'd the better cause;

And there too fought as one that courted death !
 Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,
 In death like trance : a long imprisonment follow'd.
 The fulness of my anguish by degrees
 Waned me to a meditative melancholy ;
 And still the more I mus'd, my soul became
 More doubtful, more perplex'd : and still Teresa—
 Night after night, she visited my sleep,
 Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
 Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me !
 And still as in contempt of proof and reason,
 I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless.
 Hear then my fix'd resolve : I'll linger here
 In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
 The Moorish robes ?—

Zul. All, all are in the sea-cave,
 Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
 Secrete the boat there;

Alv. Above all, the picture
 Of the assassination—

Zul. Be assur'd
 That it remains uninjur'd.

Alv. Thus-disguised
 I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—*wife* !
 If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
 And this the hour ; her words, her very looks
 Will acquit her or convict.

Zul. Will they not know you ?

Alv. With your aid, friend, I shall unscaringly
 Trust the disguise ; and as to my complexion,
 My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
 This scar,—and toil beneath a burning sun,
 Have done already half the business for us.
 Add too my youth, when last we saw each other.
 Manhood has sworn my chest, and taught my voice
 A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead ;

And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.

Zul. 'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.
Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
Where having shap'd you to a Moorish chieftain,
I will seek our mariners; and in the dusk
Transport whate'er we need to the small dell
In the Alpuxarras—there where Zagri liv'd.

Alv. I know it well: it is the obscurest haunt
Of all the mountains— (both stand listening).
Voices at a distance!

Let us away! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter TERESA and VALDEZ.

Ter. I hold Ordonio dear; he is your son
And Alvar's brother.

Val. Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

Ter. I mourn that you should plead in vain,
Lord Valdez,

But heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.

Val. Heaven knows with what delight I saw
your loves,
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee,
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me;
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty,
Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah not for this,

That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
 And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
 The victim of a useless constancy.
 I must not see thee wretched.

Ter.

There are woes

Ill bartered for the garishness of joy !
 If it be wretched with an untired eye
 To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean ;
 Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
 My hair dishevell'd by the pleasant sea breeze,
 To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
 All past hours of delight ! If it be wretched
 To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
 To go through each minutest circumstance
 Of the blest meeting ; and to frame adventures
 Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them ;
 (As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid,
 Who drest her in her buried lover's cloaths,
 And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
 Hung with her lute, and play'd the self same tune
 He used to play, and listened to the shadow
 Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
 And if indeed it be a wretched thing
 To trick out mine own death bed, and imagine
 That I had died, died just ere his return !
 Then see him listening to my constancy,
 Or hover round, as he at midnight oft
 Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon ;
 Or haply, in some more fantastic mood,
 To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
 Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
 And there to wait his coming ! O my sire !
 My Alvar's sire ! if this be wretchedness
 That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
 If in a most assured reality
 He should return, and see a brother's infant

Smile at him from my arms ?

Oh what a thought ! *(Clasping her forehead.*

Vald. A thought ? even so ! mere thought ! an empty thought.

The very week he promised his return——

Ter. *(abruptly.)* Was it not then a busy joy ? to see him,

After those three years travels ! we had no fears——

The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,
Almost endear'd his absence ! Yet the gladness,
The tumult of our joy ! What then if now ——

Vald. O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts,

Spite of conviction ! I am old and heartless !

Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant dreams,

Hectic and unrefresh'd with rest——

Ter. *(with great tenderness.)* My father !

Vald. The sober truth is all too much for me !

I see no sail which brings not to my mind

The home bound bark in which my son was captur'd

By the *Algerine*——to perish with his captors !

Ter. Oh no ! he did not !

Vald. Captur'd in sight of land !

From yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch tower

We might have seen——

Ter. His capture, not his death.

Vald. Alas ! how aptly thou forgett'st a tale

Thou ne'er didst wish to learn ! my brave *Ordonio*
Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,

In the same storm that baffled his own valor,

And thus twice snatch'd a brother from his hopes :

Gallant *Ordonio* ! *(pauses, then tenderly)* O beloved *Teresa*,

Would't thou best prove thy faith to generous *Alvar*,

And most delight his spirit, go thou, make
His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave in joy.

Ter. For mercy's sake
Press me no more. I have no power to love him.
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,
Chill me like dew damps of the unwholesome night :
My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.

Vald. You wrong him, maiden !
You wrong him, by my soul ! Nor was it well
To character by such unkindly phrases
The stir and workings of that love for you
Which he has toil'd to smother. 'Twas not well,
Nor is it grateful in you to forget
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roam'd the coast of Afric for your Alvar.
It was not well—You have moved me even to tears.

Ter. Oh pardon me my father ! pardon me !
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech ! But I am hurried
Beyond myself, if I but hear of one
Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
Born in one day, like twins of the same parent ?
Nursed in one cradle ? Pardon me my father !
A six years absence is a heavy thing,
Yet still the hope survives——

Vald. (*looking forwards*) Hush ! 'tis Monviedro.

Ter. The Inquisitor, on some new scent of
blood !

Enter MONVIEDRO with ALHADRA.

Monv. (*having first made his obeisance to VAL-
DEZ and TERESA.*) Peace and the truth be with
you ! Good my Lord,

My present need is with your son:

(Looking forward:

We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes,
'tis he:

Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO:

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

Ordon. Hail, reverend father! what may be the
business?

Mon. My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse
To their false creed, so recently abjured;
The secret servants of the inquisition
Have seized her husband, and at my command,
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith:
Tho' lessen'd by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honor
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevailed with me that——

Ord. Reverend father,

I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o'erprizes my light services.

(then to ALHADRA

I would that I could serve you; but in truth
Your face is new to me:

Mon. My mind foretold me,
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord
Valdez,

'Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,

Should prove the patron of this infidel !
 The guarantee of a Moresco's faith !
 Now I return.

Alhad. My Lord, my husband's name
 Is Isidore.—You may remember it :
 Three years ago, three years this very week,
 You left him at Almeria.

Mon. Palpably false !
 This very week, three years ago, my lord,
 (You needs must recollect it by your wound)
 You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
 The murderers doubtless of your brother Alvar !

(TERESA looks at MONVIEDRO with disgust
 and horror. ORDONIO's appearance to be
 collected from what follows.)

Mon. (to VALDEZ and pointing at ORDONIO.)
 What is he ill, my lord? how strange he looks !

Vald. (angrily.) You started on him too abruptly,
 father !

The fate of one, on whom, you know, he doted.

Ord. (starting as in sudden agitation.)

O Heavens ! I?—I doted? (then recovering himself
 Yes ! I doted on him.

(ORDONIO walks to the end of the stage,
 VALDEZ follows soothing him.)

Ter. (her eye following ORDONIO.)

I do not, can not, love him. Is my heart hard ?
 Is my heart hard ? that even now the thought
 Should force itself upon me ?—Yet I feel it !

Mon. The drops did start and stand upon his
 forehead !

I will return. In very truth, I grieve
 To have been the occasion. Ho ! attend me wo-
 man !

Alhad. (to TERESA.) O gentle lady ! make the
 father stay,

Until my lord recover. I am sure,
That he will say, he is my husband's friend.

Ter. Stay, father! stay! my lord will soon re-
cover.

Ord. (as they return, to VALDEZ.)

Strange, that this Monviedro
Should have the power so to distemper me!

Val. Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!

Mon. My lord, I truly grieve——

Ord.

Tut! name it not,

A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.

As to this woman's husband, I *do* know him.

I know him well, and that he *is* a christian.

Mon. I hope, my lord, your merely human
pity

Doth not prevail——

Ord. 'Tis certain that he *was* a catholic;
What changes may have happen'd in three years,
I can not say; but grant me this, good father:
Myself I'll sift him: if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.

Mon. Your zeal, my lord,
And your late merits in this holy warfare
Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.

Ord. I will attend you home within an hour.

Vald. Meantime return with us and take re-
freshment.

Alhad. Not till my husband's free! I may not
do it.

I will stay here.

Ter. (aside.) Who is this Isidore?

Vald.

Daughter!

Ter. With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter yet awhile t' enjoy the sea breeze.

[*Exeunt* VALDEZ, MONVIEDRO,
and ORDONIO.]

Alhad. Hah! there he goes! a bitter curse go
with him,

A scathing curse! (*then as if recollecting herself,
and with a timid look*) You hate him, dont you,
lady?

Ter. (*perceiving that ALHADRA is conscious
she has spoken imprudently.*)

Oh fear not me! *my* heart is sad for you.

Alhad. These fell inquisitors! these sons of
blood!

As I came on, his face so madden'd me,
'That ever and anon I clutch'd my dagger
And half unsheath'd it——

Ter. Be more calm, I pray you,

Alhad. And as he walk'd along the narrow path
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager;
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his familiars held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a tyger's plunge,
And hurl'd him down the ragged precipice,
O, it had been most sweet!

Ter. Hush! hush for shame!

Where is your woman's heart?

Alhad. O gentle lady!

You have no skill to guess my many wrongs,
Many and strange. Besides, (*ironically*) I am a
christian,

And christians never pardon—'tis their faith!

Ter. Shame fall on those who so have shown it
thee.

Alhad. I know that man; 'tis well he knows
not me.

Five years ago (and he was the prime agent)

Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.

Ter. What might your crime be?

Alhad. I was a Moresco!

They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
 Into a dungeon of their prison house,
 Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
 No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,
 It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,
 Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
 One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
 Cower'd as it enter'd and at once sunk down.
 Oh miserable! by that lamp to see
 My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
 Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
 My rage had dried away its natural food.
 In darkness I remain'd, counting the bell,
 Which haply told me, that the blessed sun
 Was rising on my garden. When I dozed,
 My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers
 And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,
 I should scarce dare to tell you, that it's noises
 And peevish cries so fretted on my brain
 That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

Ter. O Heaven! it is too horrible to hear.

Alhad. What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most
 right

That such as you should hear it,—Know you not,
 What nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?
 Great evils ask great passions to redress them,
 And whirlwinds fitliest scatter pestilence.

Ter. You were at length released?

Alhad. Yes, at length
 I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!
 'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—
 For if I dwell upon that moment, Lady,
 A trance comes on which makes me o'er again.
 All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,
 And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,
 That you would start and shudder!

Ter. But your husband——

Alhad. A month's imprisonment would kill him,
Lady.

Ter. Alas, poor man !

Alhad. He hath a lion's courage,
Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance ;
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
He worships nature in the hill and valley,
Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all——

Enter ALVAR disguised as a Moresco, and in Moorish garments.

Ter. Know you that stately Moor ?

Alhad. I know him not :
But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.

Ter. The Alpuxarras ? Does he know his danger,
So near this seat ?

Alhad. He wears the Moorish robes too,
As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA advances to ALVAR, who has walked to the back of the stage near the rocks. TERESA drops her veil.]

Alhad. Gallant Moresco ! An inquisitor,
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race——

Alv. (*interrupting her.*)

You have mistaken me. I am a christian.

Alhad. He deems, that we are plotting to en-
snare him :

Speak to him, Lady——none can hear *you* speak,
And not believe you innocent of guile.

Ter. If ought enforce you to concealment, Sir——

Alhad. He trembles strangely.

[ALVAR sinks down and hides
his face in his robe.]

Ter. See, we have disturbed him.

[approaches nearer to him,]

I pray you think us friends--uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night breeze blows
healing.

I pray you, think us friends !

Alv. (*raising his head.*) Calm, very calm !

'Tis all too tranquil for reality !

And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,
That voice, that innocent voice ! She is no traitress !

Ter. Let us retire. (*haughtily to ALHADRA.*)

(*They advance to the front of the Stage.*)

Alhad. (*with scorn.*) He is indeed a Christian.

Alv. (*aside.*) She deems me dead, yet wears
no mourning garment.

Why should my brother's wife wear mourning gar-
ments ?

(*To Teresa*) Your pardon, noble dame ! that I
disturb'd you :

I had just started from a frightful dream.

Ter. Dreams tell but of the past, and yet, 'tis
said,

They prophecy—

Alv. The Past lives o'er again

In its effects, and to the guilty spirit,

The ever frowning Present is it's image.

Ter. Traitress ! (*then aside*)

What sudden spell o'er masters me ?

Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman.

[*TERESA looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive as ALVAR proceeds in the next speech.*]

Alv. I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I leant

With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,

Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me :

For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her.

This maid so idolized that trusted friend

Dishonour'd in my absence, soul and body !

Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
 And murderers were suborned against my life.
 But by my looks, and most impassion'd words,
 I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,
 Even in the assassin's hearts ! they made their
 terms,

And thank'd me for redeeming them from murder.

Alhad. You are lost in thought : hear him no
 more, sweet Lady !

Ter. From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
 And slight things bring on me the idle mood !
 Well sir, what happen'd then ?

Alv. On a rude rock,
 A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
 Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
 Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
 I stay'd, as though the hour of death were pass'd,
 And I were sitting in the world of spirits—
 For all things seem'd unreal ! There I sate—
 The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
 Black, sultry, close ! and ere the midnight hour
 A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
 That woods, and sky, and mountains, seem'd one
 havock.

The second flash of lightning shew'd a tree
 Hard by me, newly scath'd. I rose tumultuous :
 My soul work'd high, I bar'd my head to the storm,
 And with loud voice and clamorous agony
 Kneeling I pray'd to the great spirit, that made me,
 Pray'd, that REMORSE might fasten on their hearts,
 And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
 As the gor'd lion's bite !

Ter. (*shuddering.*) A fearful curse !

Alhad. (*fiercely.*) But dreamt you not that you
 return'd and kill'd them ?

Dreamt you of no revenge ?

Alv. (*His voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress*). She would have died,
Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands!
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,
And leapt myself into an unblest grave!
I pray'd for the punishment, that cleanses hearts:
For still I lov'd her!

Alhad. And you dreamt all this?

Ter. My soul is full of visions all as wild!

Alhad. There is no room in this heart for puling
love tales.

Ter. (*Lifts up her veil, and advances to ALVAR.*)
Stranger farewell! I guess not, who you are,
Nor why you so address'd your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and I own, perplex'd me
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pampered with long wishing.
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling,
Whilst your full heart was shaping out it's dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle kindness,
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!
But if some undiscover'd wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
Nor shall you want my favorable pleading.

[*Exeunt TERESA and ALHADRA.*]

Alv. (*alone.*) 'Tis strange! It can not be! *my*
Lord Ordonio!

Her Lord Ordonio! Nay, I will not do it!
I curs'd him once—and one curse is enough!
How sad she look'd, and pale! but not like guilt—
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,

Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent ?
 Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her ?
 But ere she married him, he had stained her honor ;
 Ah ! there I am hamper'd—What if this were a lie
 Fram'd by the assassin ? Who should tell it *him* ;
 If it were truth ? Ordonio would not tell him.
 Yet why one lie ? all else, I *know*, was truth.
 No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience !
 And she referr'd to *me*—fondly, methought !
 Could she walk here, if she had been a traitress ?
 Here where we play'd together in our childhood ?
 Here where we plighted vows ? where her cold
 cheek
 Received my last kiss, when with suppress'd feel-
 ings
 She had fainted in my arms ? It can not be,
 'Tis not in nature ! I will die believing,
 That I shall meet her where no evil is,
 No treachery, no cup dash'd from the lips.
 I'll haunt this scene no more ! live she in peace !
 Her husband—aye her husband ! May this angel
 New mould his canker'd heart ! assist me, heaven !
 That I may pray for my poor guilty brother.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE ACT FIRST.

ACT II:

SCENE I.

A wild and mountainous Country. ORDONIO and ISIDORE are discovered, supposed at a little distance from ISIDORE'S house.

Ord. Here we may stop : your house distinct in view,

Yet we secured from listeners.

Isid. Now indeed

My house ! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on you vine-clad rock,
That over brows it ! Patron ! Friend ! Preserver !
Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle
You gave it me : next rescued me from suicide,
When for my follies I was made to wander,
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them :
Now but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had been my bed and pillow.

Ord. Good Isidore !

Why this to me ? It is enough, you know it.

Isid. A common trick of gratitude, my lord,
Seeking to ease her own full heart——

Ord. Enough !——

A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.

You have it in your power to serve me greatly.

Isid. And how, my lord ? I pray you name the thing.

I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied !

Ord. (with embarrassment and hesitation.)

Why—that—Lady—

Isid. 'Tis now three years, my lord, since last I
saw you :

Have you a son, my lord?

Ord. (aside,) O miserable—

Isidore ! you are a man, and know mankind.

I told you what I wish'd—now for the truth—

She loved the man you kill'd.

Isid. (looking as suddenly alarmed.) You jest,
my lord?

Ord. And till his death is proved she will not
wed me.

Isid. You sport with me, my lord?

Ord. Come, come ! this foolery

Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it !

Isid. I can bear this, and any thing more grievous
From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here?

Ord. Why you can utter with a solemn gesture
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,

Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics—

Isid. I am dull, my lord ! I do not comprehend
you.

Ord. In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.

She has no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true,

Her lover schools her in some newer nonsense.

Yet still a tale of spirits works on her.

She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,

Shivers, and can not keep the tears in her eye :

And such do love the marvellous too well

Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy

With a strange music, that she knows not of—

With fumes of frankinsense, and mummery,

Then leave, as one sure token of his death,

That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck

I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

Isid. Will that be a sure sign?

Ord. Beyond suspicion.

Fondly caressing him, her favor'd lover,
 (By some base spell he had bewitch'd her senses)
 She whisper'd such dark fears of me forsooth,
 As made this heart pour gall into my veins.
 And as she coyly bound it round his neck,
 She made him promise silence; and now holds
 The secret of the existence of this portrait
 Known only to her lover and herself.
 But I had traced her, stoln unnoticed on them,
 And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.

Isid. But now I should have cursed the man
 who told me

You could ask ought, my lord, and I refuse—
 But this I can not do.

Ord. Where lies your scruple?

Isid. (*with stammering.*) Why—why, my lord,
 You know you told me that the lady loved you,
 Had loved you with *incautious* tenderness;—
 That if the young man, her betroth'd husband,
 Returned, yourself, and she, and the honor of both,
 Must perish. Now, tho' with no tenderer scruples
 Than those which being *native* to the heart—
 Than those, my lord, which merely being a man—

Ord. (*aloud, though to express his contempt he
 speaks in the third person.*)

This fellow is a man, he kill'd for hire
 One whom he knew not, yet has tender scruples!

(*then turning to ISIDORE*)

These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammer-
 ing—

Pish, fool! thou blunder'st thro' the book of guilt,
 Spelling thy villainy—

Isid. My lord—my lord—

I can bear much—yes, very much from you!
 But there's a point, where sufferance is meanness;

I am no villain— never kill'd for hire—

My gratitude——

Ord. O ayè—your gratitude !

'Twas a well sounding word—what have you done
with it ?

Isid. Who proffers his past favors for my virtue—

Ord. (*with bitter scorn.*) Virtue——

Isid. Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord.

I knew not 'twas your brother !

Ord. (*alarmed.*) And who told you ?

Isid. He himself told me.

Ord. Ha ! you talk'd with him ?

And these, the two Morescoes whow ere with you ?

Isid. Both fell in a night brawl at Malaga.

Ord. (*in a low voice.*) My brother—

Isid. Yes, my lord, I could not tell you !

I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.

But listen to me now—I pray you listen——

Ord. Villain ! no more. I'll hear no more of it.

Isid. My lord, it much imports your future safety

That you should hear it.

Ord. (*turning off from ISIDORE.*)

Am I not a *man* ?

'Tis as it should be ! tut—the deed itself

Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler !

Isid. We met him in the very place you men-
tioned,

Hard by a grove of firs——

Ord. Enough—enough——

Isid. He fought us valiantly, and wounded all ;

In fine, compell'd a parley——

Ord. (*sighing as if lost in thought.*)

Alvar ! brother !

Isid. He offer'd me his purse——

Ord. Yes ?

Isid. Yes—I spurn'd it.
 He promised us I know not what—in vain!
 Then with a look and voice which overawed me,
 He said, What mean you, friends? My life is dear:
 I have a brother and a promised wife,
 Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,
 That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.
 There was a likeness in his face to yours—
 I ask'd his brother's name: he said—Ordonio,
 Son of lord Valdez! I had well nigh fainted.
 At length I said (if that indeed I said it,
 And that no spirit made my tongue his organ,)
 That woman is dishonor'd by that brother,
 And he the man who sent us to destroy you.
 He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him
 He wore her portrait round his neck.—He look'd
 As he had been made of the rock that propt his
 back—

Aye, just as you look now—only less ghastly!
 At length recovering from his trance, he threw
 His sword away, and bade us take his life—
 It was not worth his keeping.

Ord. And you kill'd him?
 Oh blood hounds! may eternal wrath flame round
 you!
 He was the image of the Deity—

(*a pause*)

It seizes me—by Hell I will go on!
 What—would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks
 won't save thee!

Oh cold—cold—cold! shot thro' with icy cold!

Isid. (aside.) Were he alive he had return'd
 ere now—

The consequence the same—dead thro' his plotting!

Ord. O this unutterable dying away—here—
 This sickness of the heart!

(*a pause*)

What if I went
And liv'd in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?
Aye! that's the road to heaven!

(*a pause.*)

O fool! fool! fool!

What have I done but that which nature destin'd,
Or the blind elements stirr'd up within me?
If good were meant, why were we made these beings?
And if not meant—

Isid. You are disturb'd, my lord!

Ord. (*starts, looks at him wildly; then, after
a pause during which his features are
forced into a smile*)

A gust of the soul! i'faith, it overset me.

O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!

Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.

Isid. (*in a low voice*) I'll perish first!

Ord. What dost thou mutter of?

Isid. Some of your servants know me, I am
certain.

Ord. There's some sense in that scruple; but
we'll mask you.

Isid. They'll know my gait: but stay! last
night I watch'd

A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seem'd was gathering herbs and wild
flowers.

I had follow'd him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stoln after him unnoticed. There I marked
That mid the chequer work of light and shade,
With curious choice he pluck'd no other flowers—
But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizzard—
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employ-
ment.

Ord. Doubtless you question'd him?

Isid. 'Twas my intention,
 Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
 But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies
 Lurk every where, already (as it seem'd)
 Had given commission to his apt-familiar
 To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning,
 Was by this trusty agent stopp'd midway.
 I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
 In that lone place, again conceal'd myself:
 Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,
 And in *your* name, as lord of this domain.
 Proudly he answer'd, Say to the lord Ordonio,
 "He that can bring the dead to life again!"

Ord. A strange reply!

Isid. Aye, all of him is strange.
 He call'd himself a christian, yet he wears
 The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.

Ord. Where does this wizzard live?

Isid. (*pointing to the distance.*)

You see that brooklet?

Trace its course backward: thro' a narrow opening
 It leads you to the place.

Ord. How shall I know it?

Isid. You cannot err. It is a small green dell
 Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
 And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
 The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
 And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
 And makes a kind of faery forest grow
 Down in the water. At the further end
 A puny cataract falls on the lake:
 And there, a curious sight! you see its shadow
 For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
 Up thro' the foliage of those faery trees.
 His cot stands opposite. You can not miss it.
 Some three yards up the hill a mountain ash

Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.

Ord. I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exit ORDONIO.* ISIDORE goes into
his cottage.]

SCENE II.

The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen. Discovers ALVAR, ZULIMEZ and ALHADRA, as on the point of leaving.

Alhad. (*addressing ALVAR.*)

Farewell then! and tho' many thoughts perplex me,
Aught evil or ignoble never can I
Suspect of thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.

Alv. Nobly-minded woman!
Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith,
Have bled and suffer'd bonds. Of this be certain,
Time, as he courses onwards, still unrolls
The volume of Concealment. In the FUTURE,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colors
Of the dim PAST collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image,
To scare or to reward.

I sought the guilty,
And what I sought I found : but ere the spear
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
To t'he Avenger I leave Vengeance, and depart!
Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,

Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee :
 For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
 Once more farewell.

[*Exit ALHADRA.*

Yes, to the Belgic states
 We will return. These robes, this stain'd complexion,
 Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
 Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice
 Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
 Of our past services.

Zul. And all the wealth, power, influence which
 is yours,
 You let a murderer hold?

Alv. O faithful Zulimez !
 That my return involved Ordonio's death,
 I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,
 Yet bearable :—but when I see my father
 Strewing his scant grey hairs, e'en on the ground,
 Which soon must be his grave, and my TERESA—
 Her husband proved a murderer, and her infants
 His infants—poor TERESA !—all would perish,
 All perish—all ! and I (nay bear with me)
 Could not survive the complicated ruin !

Zul. (*much affected.*)
 Nay now ! I have distress'd you—you well know,
 I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome !
 You are a painter, one of many fancies !
 You can call up past deeds, and make them live
 On the blank canvas ; and each little herb,
 That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
 You have learnt to name——

Hark ! heard you not some footsteps ?

Alv. What if it were my brother coming onwards !
 I sent a most mysterious message to him.

Enter ORDONIO.

Alv. (*starting.*) It is he !

Ord. (*to himself as he enters.*)

If I distinguish'd right her gait, and stature,
It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
That pass'd me as I enter'd. A lit taper,
In the night air, doth not more naturally
Attract the night flies round it, than a conjuror
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.
(addressing ALVAR.

You know my name, I guess, if not my person.
I am Ordonio, son of the lord Valdez.

Alv. (*with deep emotion.*) The son of Valdez !

[ORDONIO walks leisurely round the room,
and looks attentively at the plants.

Zul. (*to ALVAR.*) Why what ails you now ?
How your hand trembles ! Alvar, speak ! what
wish you ?

Alv. To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness !

Ord. (*returning, and aloud.*)

Pluck'd in the moonlight from a ruin'd abbey—
Those only, which the pale rays visited !
O the unintelligible power of weeds,
When a few odd prayers have been mutter'd o'er
them :

Then they work miracles ! I warrant you,
There's not a leaf, but underneath it works
Some serviceable imp.—

There's one of you
Who sent me a strange message.

Alv. I am he.

Ord. With you, then, I am to speak.

[*Haughtily waving his hand to ZULIMEZ.*

And mark you, alone. [Exit ZULIMEZ.

“He that can bring the dead to life again !”—
Such was your message, Sir ! You are no dullard,

But one that strips the outward rind of things !

Alv. 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting
rinds,

That are all dust and rottenness within.

Would'st thou I should strip such ?

Ord. Thou quibbling fool,

What dost thou mean ? Think'st thou I journey'd
hither,

To sport with thee ?

Alv. O no, my lord ! to sport

Best suits the gaiety of innocence.

Ord. (*aside.*)

O what a thing is man ! the wisest heart

A Fool ! a Fool that laughs at its own folly,

Yet still a Fool ! (*Looks round the cottage.*)

You are poor !

Alv. What follows thence ?

Ord. That you would fain be richer.

The inquisition, too—You comprehend me ?

You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,

Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty :

And for the boon I ask of you but this,

That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

Alv. (*solemnly.*)

Thou art the son of Valdez ! would to Heaven

That I could truly and for ever serve thee.

Ord. (*aside.*) The slave begins to soften.

You are my friend.—

“He that can bring the dead to life again”—

Nay, no defence to me. The holy brethren

Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.

(*then with great bitterness.*)

Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee !

Alv. (*aside.*)

Alas ! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.

Ord. I love a lady, and she would love me

But for an idle and fantastic scruple.

Have you no servants here, no listeners ?

[ORDONIO *steps to the door.*

Alv. What faithless, too ? False to his angel wife ?
To such a wife ? Well might'st thou look so wan,
Ill star'd Teresa !——Wretch ! my softer soul
Is pass'd away ! and I will probe his conscience !

Ord. In truth this lady lov'd another man,
But he has perish'd.

Alv. What ! you kill'd him ? hey ?

Ord. I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but
think'st it !

Insolent slave ! how dar'dst thou—

(*turns abruptly from ALVAR,
and then to himself.*)

Why ! what's this ?

'Twas idiotcy ! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—

Alv. (*watching his agitation.*) Fare thee well—
I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.

[ALVAR *retires to the back of the stage.*

Ord. (*having recovered himself.*)

Ho ! (*calling to ALVAR.*)

Alv. Be brief, what wish you ?

Ord. You are deep at bartering—You charge
yourself

At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.

Alv. I listen to you.

Ord. In a sudden tempest,
Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—
The fellow.

Alv. Nay, speak out, 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain !—Why stand'st thou aghast ?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.

Ord. (*hesitating.*)

Now, till she knows him dead, she will not wed me.

Alv. (*with eager vehemence.*)

Are you not wedded then ? Merciful Heaven !

Not wedded to TERESA ?

Ord. Why what ails thee ?

What, art thou mad ? why look'st thou upward so ?
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air ?

Alv. (*recollecting himself*).

Proceed. I shall be silent. (*ALVAR sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face*)

Ord. To Teresa ?

Politic wizzard ! ere you sent that message,
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient
In all my fortunes. Hah ! you prophesied,
A golden crop ! Well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me and I'll pay thee nobly.

Alv. (*lifting up his head*).

Well ! and this lady !

Ord. If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me—Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck,
Entreating him to wear it.

Alv. (*sighing*). Yes ! he did so !

Ord. Why no : he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,
Till his return.

Alv. What ! he was your friend then ?

Ord. (*wounded and embarrassed*)

I was his friend.—

Now that he gave it me,
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizzard—
Can call the dead man up—he will not come.—
He is in Heaven then—there you have no influence.
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar,
Is pass'd ; your spirits can have left this picture.
What say you now ?

Alv. (*after a pause*) Ordonio, I will do it.

Ord. We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense,
(For I have arranged it—Music, Altar, Incense)
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,
And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies.

Alv. I will not fail to meet you.

Ord. Till next we meet, farewell !

[*Exit* ORDONIO.]

Alv. (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away,
and gazes passionately at the portrait.*)

And I did curse thee ?

At midnight ? on my knees : and I believed
Thee perjur'd, *thee* a traitress ! *thee* dishonor'd ?
O blind and credulous fool ! O guilt of folly !
Should not thy inarticulate fondnesses,
Thy infant Loves—should not thy maiden Vows
Have come upon my heart ? And this sweet Image
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment.
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble !
Ah, coward dupe ! to yield it to the miscreant,
Who spake pollution of thee !

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
Which ever smil'd on me ! Yet do not scorn me—
I lisp'd thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

Dear Image ! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
I will not now prophane thee, holy Image,
To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find
A picture, which will wake the hell within him,
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall of Armory, with an Altar at the back of the Stage. Soft Music from an Instrument of Glass or Steel.

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.

Ord. This was too melancholy, Father.

Vald.

Nay,

My Alvar lov'd sad music from a child.

Once he was lost; and after weary search

We found him in an open place in the wood,

To which spot he had followed a blind boy,

Who breath'd into a pipe of sycamore

Some strangely moving notes, and these, he said,

Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw

Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank;

And lower down poor ALVAR, fast asleep,

His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me

To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe

A silver toy his grandam had late given him.

Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—

Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,

Yet still he wore it.

Alv.

My tears must not flow!

I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

Enter TERESA, and Attendants.

Ter. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,

And I submit ; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not ! 'tis mockery.

Ord. Believe you then no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us ?

Ter. Say rather that I have imagin'd it
A possible thing : and it has sooth'd my soul
As other fancies have ; but ne'er seduced me
To traffick with the black and frenzied hope
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.
(*To Alvar*) Stranger, I mourn and blush to see
you here,

On such employment ! With far other thoughts
I left you.

Ord. (*aside*) Ha ! he has been tampering with her ?

Alv. O high-soul'd Maiden ! and more dear to me
Than suits the *Stranger's* name !—

I swear to thee

I will uncover all concealed Guilt.

Doubt, but decide not ! Stand from off the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from
behind the scene.*]

Alv. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the Departed !

Soul of Alvar !

Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell :
So may the Gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,
Cease thy swift toils ! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard :
Fitliest unheard ! For oh, ye numberless,
And rapid Travellers ! what ear unstunn'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings ?

[*Music.*]

Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!

[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.*]

Ye as ye pass, toss high the desert Sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters;
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night!
And ye build up on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from Earth to Heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye too split
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulphs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizzard's skiff!
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye
dance,

Till from the blue swoln Corse the Soul toils out,
And joins your mighty Army.

Soul of Alvar!

Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker Charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half dead, yet still undying Hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!
So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses, that redeem the Dead!

SONG.

*Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the same
Instrument as before.*

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell,

And at evening evermore,
In a Chapel on the shore,
Shall the Chaunters sad and saintly,

Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful Masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine !

Hark ! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea :
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine !

[*A long Pause.*]

Ord. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell !
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant !
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me !

Alv. A joy to thee !
What if thou heardst him now ? What if his spirit
Re-enter'd it's cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard ?
What if (his steadfast Eye still beaming Pity
And Brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of Penitence ?

Vald. These are unholy fancies !

Ord. (*Struggling with his feelings*)

Yes, my father,

He is in Heaven !

Alv. (*Still to ORDONIO.*)

But what if he had a brother,
Who had liv'd even so, that at his dying hour,
The name of heaven would have convuls'd his face,
More than the death-pang ?

Val. Idly prating man !
Thou hast guess'd ill : Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him !
He is most virtuous.

Alv. (*Still to ORDONIO*)

What, if his very virtues

Had pamper'd his swoln heart and made him proud?
 And what if Pride had dup'd him into guilt?
 Yet still he stalk'd a self created God,
 Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;
 And one that at his Mother's looking glass
 Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
 Young Lord! I tell thee, that there are such Beings—
 Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
 To see these most proud men, that loath mankind,
 At every stir and buz of coward conscience,
 Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!
 Away, away! Now let me hear more music.

[*Music again*].

Ter. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
 But whatso'er it mean, I dare no longer
 Be present at these lawless mysteries,
 This dark Provoking of the Hidden Powers!
 Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
 Yet Alva's Memory!--Hark! I make appeal
 Against th' unholy rite, and hasten hence
 To kneel before a lawful Shrine, and seek
 That voice which whispers, when the still Heart
 listens,

Comfort and faithful Hope! Let us retire.

Alv. (*To TERESA anxiously*).

O full of faith and guileless love, thy Spirit
 Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
 Surprise the guilty: thou art innocent!

[*Exeunt TERESA and Attendant.*

(*Music as before.*)

The spellismutter'd—Come, thou wandering Shape,
 Who own'st no Master in an eye of flesh,
 Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul,
 If he be dead, O come! and bring with thee
 That which he grasp'd in death! But if he lives,
 Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[*The whole Music clashes into a Chorus.*

CHORUS.

Wandering Demon hear the spell!
Lest a blacker charm compel—

[*The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and an illuminated picture of ALVAR'S assassination is discovered, and having remained a few seconds is then hidden by ascending flames.*]

Ord. (starting in great agitation.)

Duped! duped! duped!—the traitor Isidore!

[*At this instant the doors are forced open, MONVIEDRO and the familiars of the inquisition, servants, &c. enter and fill the stage.*]

Mon. First seize the sorcerer! suffer him not to speak!

The holy judges of the Inquisition
Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, lord
Valdez?

Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.
There is a dungeon underneath the castle,
And as you hope for mild interpretation,
Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

Ord. (recovering himself as from stupor, to the servants.)

Why haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon!
[*All rush out in tumult,*

SCENE III.

Interior of a Chapel.

Enter TERESA.

When first I enter'd this pure spot, forebodings
Press'd heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,
Such calm unwonted bliss possess'd my spirit,
A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,

Of trampling uproar, fell upon mine ear
 As alien and unnoticed as the rain storm
 Beats on the roof of some fair banquet room,
 While sweetest melodies are warbling——

Enter VALDEZ.

Vald. Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,

And extricate us from this net of peril!

Ter. Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril?

Vald. O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted!
 This was no feat of mortal agency!

That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all!

With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanish'd,
 Self-kindled, self-consum'd: bright as thy Life,
 Sudden and unexpected as thy Fate,

Alvar! My Son! My Son!—The Inquisitor—

Ter. Torture me not! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar?

Vald. How often would'st thou plead for these
 Morescoes!

The brood accurst! remorseless, coward murderers!

Ter. (*wildly.*)

So? so?—I comprehend you—He is——

Vald. (*with averted countenance.*)

He is no more!

Ter. O sorrow! that a Father's Voice should say
 this,

A Father's Heart believe it!

Vald. And how painful

Are Fancy's wild Hopes to a heart despairing!

Ter. These rays that slant in from those gorgeous
 windows,

From yon bright orb—tho' color'd as they pass,

Are they not Light?—Even so that voice, Lord
Valdez!

Which whispers to my soul, tho' haply varied
By many a Fancy, many a wishful Hope,
Speaks yet the Truth: and Alvar lives for me!

Vald. Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no
other,

He has liv'd for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!
My child, we must not give religious faith
To every voice which makes the heart a listener
To its own wish.

Ter. I breath'd to the Unerring
Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswer'd,
Yet impious Sorcery, that holds no commune
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief?

Vald. O not to-day, not now for the first time
Was Alvar lost to thee—

(turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself.
Accurst assassins!

Disarm'd, o'erpower'd, despairing of defence,
At his bared breast he seem'd to grasp some relict
More dear than was his life——

Ter. *(with faint shriek.)*

O Heavens! *my* portrait!
He grasp'd it in his death pang!

Off, false Demon,
That beat'st thy black wings close above my head!

[ORDONIO enters with the keys of
the dungeon in his hand.]

Hush! who comes here? The wizard Moor's em-
ployer!

Moors were his murderers, you say? Saints shield us
From wicked thoughts——

[VALDEZ moves toward the back of the stage
to meet ORDONIO, and during the conclud-
ing lines of TERESA'S speech appears as
eagerly conversing with him.]

Is Alvar dead? what then?

The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one.

Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—

Away! they see me not—*Thou* seest me, Alvar!

To thee I bend my course.—But first one question,

One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—

There I may sit unmark'd—a moment will restore me.

Ord. (*as he advances with VALDEZ.*)

Those are the dungeon keys. Monviedro knew not,

That I too had received the wizard's message,

“He that can bring the dead to life again.”

But now he is satisfied, I plann'd this scheme

To work a full conviction on the culprit,

And he entrusts him wholly to my keeping.

Vald. 'Tis well, my son! But have you yet discover'd

(Where is Teresa?) what those speeches meant—

Pride, and Hypocrisy, and Guilt, and Cunning?

Then when the wizard fix'd his eye on you,

And you, I know not why, look'd pale and trembled—

Why—why, what ails you now?—

Ord. (*confused.*)

Me? what ails me?

A pricking of the blood—It might have happen'd

At any other time.—Why scan you me?

Vald. His speech about the corse, and stabs,
and murderers,

Bore reference to the assassins—

Ord.

Dup'd! dup'd! dup'd!

The traitor, Isidore!

(*a pause, then wildly.*)

I tell thee, my dear father!

I am most glad of this.

Vald. (*confused.*)

True—Sorcery

Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us

To the discovery of the murderers.

I have their statures and their several faces

So present to me, that but once to meet them
Would be to recognize.

Ord. Yes ! yes ! we recognize them !
I was benumb'd, and stagger'd up and down
Thro' darkness without light—dark—dark—dark !
My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,
As had a snake coil'd round them!—Now 'tis sun-
shine,

And the blood dances freely thro' its channels !

[*Turns off abruptly: then to himself.*

This is my virtuous, grateful Isidore !

[*then mimicking ISIDORE'S manner and voice—*

“ A common trick of gratitude, my lord !”

Old Gratitude ! a dagger would dissect

His “ own full heart ”—'twere good to see its color.

Vald. These magic sights ! O that I ne'er had
yielded

To your entreaties ! Neither had I yielded,

But that in spite of your own seeming faith

I held it for some innocent stratagem,

Which Love had prompted, to remove the doubts

Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies !

Ord. (*in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself.*)

Love ! Love ! and then we hate ! and what ? and
wherefore ?

Hatred and Love ! Fancies oppos'd by fancies !

What ? if one reptile sting another reptile ?

Where is the crime ? The goodly face of nature

Hath one disfeaturing stain the less upon it.

Are we not all predestin'd Transiency,

And cold Dishonor ? Grant it, that this hand

Had given a morsel to the hungry worms

Somewhat too early— Where's the crime of this ?

That this must needs bring on the idiocy

Of moist-eyed Penitence—'tis like a dream !

Vald. Wild talk, my son ! But thy excess of feel-
ing——— (*averting himself.*)

Almost I fear, it hath unhinged his brain.

Ord. (now in soliloquy, and now addressing his father: and just after the speech has commenced, TERESA reappears and advances slowly.)

Say, I had lay'd a body in the sun!

Well! in a month there swarm forth from the corse
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man.—Say, I had *kill'd* him!

[TERESA starts, and stops listening.]

Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy,
As that one life, which being push'd aside,
Made room for these unnumber'd——

Vald.

O mere madness!

[TERESA moves hastily forwards, and places herself directly before ORDONIO.]

Ord. (Checking the feeling of surprize, and forcing his tones into an expression of playful courtesy).

Teresa? or the Phantom of Teresa?

Ter. Alas! the Phantom only, if in truth
The substance of her Being, her Life's life,
Have ta'en its flight thro' Alvar's death-wound—
(*a pause*). Where—

(Even coward Murder grants the dead a grave)
O tell me, Valdez!—answer me, Ordonio!
Where lies the corse of my betrothed husband?

Ord. There, where Ordonio likewise would fain
lie!

In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierc'd darkness!
For while we LIVE——

An inward day, that never, never sets,
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids!

Over his rocky grave the Fir-grove sighs

A lulling ceaseless dirge ! 'Tis well with HIM !
 [*Strides off in agitation towards the altar,
 but returns as VALDEZ is speaking.*]

Ter. (*recoiling with the expression appropriate
 to the passion.*)

The rock! the fir-grove! (*To Valdez*)

Did'st thou hear him say it?

Hush! I will ask him!

Vald. Urge him not—not now!

This we *beheld*. Nor *He* nor I know more,
 Than what the magic imagery reveal'd.

The assassin, who prest foremost of the three——

Ord. A tender-hearted, scrupulous, *grateful*
 villain,

Whom I will strangle!

Vald. (*looking with anxious disquiet at his Son,
 yet attempting to proceed with his
 description.*)

While his two companions——

Ord. Dead! dead already! what care we for
 the dead?

Vald. (*To TERESA.*)

Pity him! soothe him! disenchant his spirit!
 These supernatural shews, this strange disclosure,
 And his too fond affection, which still broods
 O'er Alvar's Fate, and still burns to avenge it—
 These, struggling with his hopeless love for you,
 Distemper him, and give reality
 To the creatures of his fancy.

Ord. Is it so?

Yes! yes! even like a child, that too abruptly
 Rous'd by a glare of light from deepest sleep
 Starts up bewilder'd, and talks idly.

(*Then mysteriously.*)

Father!

What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,
 Even now were digging ours'? What if the bolt,

Though aim'd, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet miss'd its true aim when it fell on Alvar?

Vald. Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—
say rather,

He was their advocate; but you had march'd
With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captur'd.

Ord. Unknown, perhaps,
Captur'd, yet as the son of Valdez, murder'd.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle Lady?

Vald. What seek you now?

Ter. A better, surer light,
To guide me——

Both. Whither?

Ter. To the only place
Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.
These walls seem threat'ning to fall in upon me!
Detain me not! a dim power drives me hence,
And that will be my guide.

Vald. To find a lover!
Suits that a high born maiden's modesty?
O folly and shame! Tempt not my rage, Teresa!

Ter. Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.
And am I hastening to the arms——O Heaven!
I haste but to the grave of my beloved!

[*Exit, VALDEZ following after her.*]

Ord. This, then, is my reward! and must I
love her?

Scorn'd! shudder'd at! yet love her still? yes! yes!
By the deep feelings of Revenge and Hate
I will still love her—woo her—win her too!
(*a pause.*) Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait
Found on the wizzard—he, belike, self-poison'd
To escape the crueller flames——My soul shouts
triumph!

The mine is undermin'd! Blood! Blood! Blood!

They thirst for thy blood! *thy* blood, Ordonio!
(*a pause.*)

The hunt is up! and in the midnight wood
With lights to dazzle and with nets they seek
A timid prey: and lo! the tyger's eye
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch!

To Isidore I will dispatch a message,
And lure him to the cavern! aye, that cavern!
He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,
Whence he shall never, never more return!

(*Looks through the side window.*)

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
And now 'tis gone! All shall be done to night.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it; supposed to be cast on it, from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight. Isidore alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.)

Isid. Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!
 “His life in danger, no place safe but this.”
 “’Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude.”
 And yet—but no! there can’t be such a villain.
 It can not be!

Thanks to that little crevice,
 Which lets the moonlight in! I’ll go and sit by it.
 To peep at a tree, or see a he goat’s beard,
 Or hear a cow or two breath loud in their sleep—
 Any thing but this crash of water drops!
 These dull abortive sounds, that fret the silence
 With puny thwartings and mock opposition!
 So beats the death-watch to a sick man’s ear.

[He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight, return’s after a minutes elapse, in an extacy of fear].

A hellish pit! The very same I dreamt of!
 I was just in —and those damn’d fingers of ice
 Which clutch’d my hair up! Ha! —what’s that—it
 mov’d.

[Isidore stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time, ORDONIO enters with a torch, and halloos to ISIDORE.]

Isid. I swear that I saw something moving there!

The moonshine came and went like a flash of light-
ning—

I swear, I saw it move.

Ord. (*goes into the recess, then returns, and
with great scorn.*)

A jutting clay stone
Drops on the long lank weed, that grows beneath :
And the weed nods and drips.

Isid. (*forcing a laugh faintly.*)

A jest to laugh at !
It was not that which scar'd me, good my lord.

Ord. What scar'd you, then ?

Isid. You see that little reef ?
But first permit me !

[*Lights his torch at ORDONIO'S,
and while lighting it*]

A lighted torch in the hand,
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colors,
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.
You see that crevice there ?

My torch extinguished by these water drops,
And marking that the moonlight came from thence,
I stept in to it, meaning to sit there ;
But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
My body bending forward, yea o'erbalanced
Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
Of a huge chasin I stept. The shadowy moonshine
Filling the Void so counterfeited Substance,
That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.
Was it my own fear ?

Fear too hath it's instincts !
And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
And there are Beings that live, yet not for the eye—
An arm of frost above and from behind me,
Pluck'd up and snatcht me backward. Merciful
Heaven!

You smile ! alas, even smiles look ghastly here !
My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

Ord. It must have shot some pleasant feelings
through you.

Isid. If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as eve—'twas just so !
Or had it drizzled needle points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

Ord. (*interrupting him*) Why Isidore,
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a *brave* man for a moment—
But such a panic—

Isid. When a boy, my Lord !
I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,
Push'd in huge stones and heard them strike and
rattle

Against its horrid sides : then hung my head
Low down, and listen'd till the heavy fragments
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near —unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm fattens on the ropy mould
Close at its edge.

Ord. Art thou more coward now ?

Isid. Call him, that fears his fellow man, a
coward !

I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
It were too bad a prison house for goblins.
Beside, (you'll smile my lord) but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted,
By what had pass'd between us in the morning,
I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes,
And I entreat your lordship to believe me.
In my last dream—

Ord. Well ?

Isid. I was in the act
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
Wak'd me : she heard my heart beat.

Ord. Strange enough!
Had you been here before !

Isid. Never my lord !
But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.

[ORDONIO stands lost in thought, then
after a pause]

I know not why it should be ! yet it is—

Isid. What is, my lord ?

Ord. Abhorrent from our nature,
To kill a man.—

Isid. Except in self defence.

Ord. Why that's my case ; and yet the soul
recoils from it—

'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings ?

Isid. Something troubles you.
How shall I serve you ? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honor, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent ! But this, my lord !
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
No nor propose, a wicked thing. The darkness,
When ten strides off we know 'tis chearful moon-
light,

Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.

[ORDONIO darkly, and in the feeling of selfjus-
tification, tells what he conceives of his own
character and actions, speaking of himself in
the third person.]

Ord. Thyself be jud ge.

One of our family, knew this place well.

Isid. Who? when? my lord?

Ord. What boots it, who or when?

Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.

[*They hang up their torches on some ridge
in the cavern.*]

He was a man different from other men,
And he despis'd them; yet rever'd himself.

Isid. (*aside.*)

He? *He* despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!

I am on my guard however: no surprize.

(*then to ORDONIO.*)

What he was mad?

Ord. All men seem'd mad to him!

Nature had made him for some other planet,

And press'd his soul into a human shape

By accident or malice. In this world

He found no fit companion.

Isid. (*aside.*) Of himself he speaks.

Alas! poor wretch!

Mad men are mostly proud.

Ord. He walk'd alone,

And phantom thoughts unsought for troubled him.

Something within would still be shadowing out

All possibilities; and with these shadows

His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happen'd,

A fancy cross'd him wilder than the rest:

To this in moody murmur and low voice

He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep.

The man who heard him.—

Why didst thou look round?—

Isid. I have a prattler three years old, my lord!

In truth he is my darling. As I went

From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—

But I am talking idly—pray proceed!

And what did this man?

Ord. With his human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well it was done ! (*then very wildly.*)

Why babblest thou of guilt ?
The deed was done, and it pass'd fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen ?

Isid. I would my lord you were by my fire-side,
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Tho' you began this cloudy tale at midnight,
But I do listen—pray proceed my lord—

Ord. Where was I ?

Isid. He of whom you tell the tale—

Ord. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
Tam'd himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seem'd !
But that same over ready agent—he—

Isid. Ah ! what of *him*, my lord ?

Ord. *He* prov'd a traitor,
Betray'd the mystery to a brother traitor,
And they between them hatch'd a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdez ? I am proud of the name
Since he dar'd do it.—

[*ORDONIO* *graps his sword, and turns off from*
ISIDORE, then after a pause returns.]

Our links burn dimly.

Isid. A dark tale darkly finish'd ! Nay, my lord !
Tell what he did.

Ord. That which his wisdom prompted—
He made the Traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he kill'd the Traitor.

Isid. No ! the fool !
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-ey'd beetle ! not to have foreseen

That he who gull'd thee with a whimper'd lie
To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

Ord. Thou would'st not then have come, if—

Isid. Oh yes, my lord!

I would have met him arm'd, and scar'd the
coward.

[*ISIDORE throws off his robe ; shews himself
armed and draws his sword.*]

Ord. Now this is excellent and warms the
blood!

My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my
Vengeance

Beckons me onwards with a Warrior's mien,
And claims that life my pity robb'd her of—
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

Isid. And all my little ones fatherless—

Die thou first.

{*They fight, ORDONIO disarms ISIDORE, and in
disarming him throws his sword up that
recess opposite to which they were
standing.*}

Isid. (*springing wildly towards ORDONIO.*)

Still I can strangle thee!

Ord.

Nay fool, stand off!

I'll kill thee, but not so! Go fetch thy sword.

[*ISIDORE hurries into the recess with his torch,
ORDONIO follows him ; a loud cry of
"Traitor! Monster!" is heard from
the cavern, and in a moment ORDONIO
returns alone.*]

Ord. I have hurl'd him down the Chasm!
Treason for Treason:

He *dreamt* of it : henceforward let him sleep,
A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can
wake him.

His *dream* too is made out—Now for his friend.

[*Exit* ORDONIO.]

SCENE II.

The Sea Coast.

Ter. Heart-chilling Superstition ! thou canst
glaze,

Ev'n Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.

In vain I urge the tortures that await him ;

Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,

My second mother, shuts her heart against me !

Well, I have won from her what most imports

The present need, this secret of the dungeon

Known only to herself.—A Moor ! a Sorcerer !

No, I have faith, that nature ne'er permitted

Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,

I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborn'd him

To act some part in some unholy fraud ;

As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose

He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,

And that Ordonio meditates revenge !

But my resolve is fixed ! myself will rescue him,

And learn if haply if he know aught of Alvar.

Enter VALDEZ.

Val. Still sad, Teresa ! This same wizzard
haunts you.

A stately man, and eloquent and tender—

(*with a sneer*)

Who then need wonder if a lady sighs
Even at the thought of what these stern Domi-
nicans—

Ter. (with solemn indignation.)

The horror of their ghastly punishments
Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,
That I should feel too little for mine enemy,
If it were possible I could feel more,
Even tho' the dearest inmates of our household
Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things
are—

Vald. Hush, thoughtless woman !

Ter. Nay it wakes within me
More than a woman spirit.

Val. No more of this—
What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us !
I dare not listen to you.

Ter. My honor'd lord,
These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
As if to give a voice to the mute Image.

Vald. ——— We have mourn'd for Alvar.
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
Have I no other son ?

Ter. Speak not of him !
That low imposture ! That mysterious picture !
If this be madness, must I wed a madman ?
And if not madness, there is mystery,
And guilt doth lurk behind it.

Vald. Is this well ?

Ter. Yes, it is truth ; saw you his countenance ?
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear,
Displac'd each other with swift interchanges ?
O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power—
I would call up before thine eyes the image
Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy first born.

His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
 His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips !
 That spiritual and almost heavenly light
 In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
 Virtue's own native heraldry ! to man
 Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
 Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread
 Wide round him ! and when oft with swelling tears,
 Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd
 The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,
 Oh, what a grief was there for Joy to envy,
 Or gaze upon enamour'd !

O my father !

Recall that morning when we knelt together,
 And thou didst bless our loves ! O even now,
 Even now, my sire ! to thy mind's eye present him
 As at that moment he rose up before thee,
 Stately, with beaming look ! Place, place beside him
 Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance !
 Then bid me (Oh thou could'st not) bid me turn
 From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind !
 To take in exchange that brooding man, who never
 Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.

Vald. Ungrateful woman ! I have tried to stifle
 An old man's passion ! was it not enough,
 That thou hast made my son a restless man,
 Banish'd his health, and half unhing'd his reason ;
 But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion ?
 And toil to blast his honor ? I am old,
 A comfortless old man !

Enter a peasant and presents a letter to VALDEZ.

VALDEZ reading it.

“ He dares not venture hither ! ” Why what can
 this mean ?

" Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
 " That watch around my gates, should intercept
 " him ;
 " But he conjures me, that without delay
 " I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
 " To guard from danger him I hold imprison'd—
 " He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
 " Will even outweigh the sorrow."—Why what
 can this be ?

Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
 To have in me an hostage for his safety.

Nay, that they dare not ? Ho ! collect my servants !
 I will go thither—let them arm themselves.

[Exit VALDEZ.]

Ter. (alone) The moon is high in heaven, and
 all is hush'd.

Yet anxious listener ! I have seem'd to hear
 A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,
 As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.

O Alvar ! Alvar ! that they could return
 Those blessed days that imitated heaven,
 When we two wont to walk at even tide ;
 When we saw nought but beauty ; when we heard
 The voice of that Almighty One who lov'd us
 In every gale that breath'd, and wave that
 murmur'd !

O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure
 Hath half assum'd the countenance of grief,
 And the deep sigh seem'd to heave up a weight
 Of bliss, that press'd too heavy on the heart.

(a pause.)

And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
 Who oft and long communing with my Alvar,
 Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
 And guides me to him with reflected light ?
 What if in yon dark dungeon coward treachery

Be groping for him with envenom'd poignard—
Hence womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him.

[*Exit TERESA.*]

SCENE III.

The mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA alone in a Moorish dress ; her eye fixed on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments. They form a circle at a distance round ALHADRA.

A Moresco, NAOMI, advances from out the circle.

Naomi. Woman! May Alla and the prophet
bless thee!

We have obey'd thy call. Where is our chief?
And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments?

Alhad. (*lifting up eyes and looking round on the circle.*)

Warriors of Mahomet! faithful in the battle!
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed? And would ye work it
In the slaves garb? Curse on those christian robes!
They are spell-blasted: and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften.

Naomi. Where is Isidore?

Alhad. (*In a deep low voice.*)

This night I went from forth my house, and left
His children all asleep: and he was living!
And I return'd and found them still asleep,
But he had perished——

All Morescoes. Perish'd ?

Alhad. He had perish'd !

Sleep on, poor babes ! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan !

Why shou'd we wake them ? Can an infant's arm
Revenge his murder ?

One Moresco to another.

Did she say his murder ?

Naomi. Murder ? Not murder'd ?

Alhad. Murder'd by a christian !

(They all at once draw their sabres.)

Alhad. *(To NAOMI, who advances from the circle.)*

Brother of Zagri ! fling away thy sword :

This is thy chieftain's ! *(He steps forward to take it.)*

Dost thou dare receive it ?

For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,
No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez !

(a pause.)

Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer !

Naomi. He dies, by Alla !

All, (kneeling.) By Alla !

Alhad. This night your chieftain arm'd himself,
And hurried from me. But I follow'd him
At distance till I saw him enter—*there !*

Naomi. The cavern ?

Alhad. Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.

After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaring torch : he likewise enter'd.
There was another and a longer pause ;
And once, methought I heard the clash of swords !
And soon the son of Valdez re-appear'd :
He flung his torch towards the moon, in sport,
And seem'd as he were mirthful ! I stood listening,

Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!

Naomi. Thou called'st him?

Alhad. I crept into the cavern—
'Twas dark and very silent. (*Then wildly,*)
What said'st thou?

No! no! I did not dare call, Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came! After that pause,
O Heaven! I heard a groan, and follow'd it;
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was *light*,
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
It's flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink.
I spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death-
groan!

Naomi. Comfort her, Alla.

All. Haste, let us seek the murderer!

Alhad. I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remember'd,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last: my husband's death-
groan!

Naomi. Haste! let us onward.

Alhad. I look'd far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment:
And it was stain'd with blood. Then first I
shriek'd,

My eye-balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire!
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turn'd into blood—I saw them turn to blood!
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the farther brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance!—Curses on my tongue!
The moon hath moy'd in Heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! Isidore!

Spirit of Isidore ! thy murderer lives !

Away ! away !

All. Away, away !

[*She rushes off, all following.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Dungeon.

ALVAR (*alone*) rises slowly from a bed of reeds.

Alv. And this place my forefathers made for
Man !

This is the process of our Love and Wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty ?
Is this the only cure ? Merciful God !
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up
By Ignorance and parching Poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, 'til chang'd to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-
spot !

Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks ;
And this is their best cure ! uncomforted
And friendless Solitude, Groaning and Tears,

And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
 Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
 By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies
 Circled with evil, 'till his very soul
 Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
 By sights of evermore deformity !

With other ministrations thou, O Nature !
 Healest thy wand'ring and distemper'd child :
 Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
 Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;
 Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
 Till he relent, and can no more endure
 To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
 Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
 But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
 His angry spirit heal'd and harmoniz'd
 By the benignant torch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary ! Yon rude bench of stone,
 In that dark angle, the sole resting-place !
 But the self-approving mind is its own light,
 And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart,
 Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.
(Retires out of sight.)

Enter TERESA with a Taper.

Ter. It has chill'd my very life-blood ! my own
 voice scares me ;
 Yet when I hear it not, I seem to lose
 The substance of my being— my strongest grasp
 Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
 I seek to cheat the echo —How the half sounds
 Blend with this strangled light ! Is he not here ?
 As in a dream I ask ; if it be a dream ?
(Looking round.)

O for one human face here—but to see
 One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!
 It is but my own fear!—The life within me,
 It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
 Beyond which I scarce dare to look! (*shudders.*)
 If I faint? If this inhuman den should be
 At once my death-bed and my burial vault?

Ho! (*with a faint scream as ALVAR emerges from
 the recess and moves hastily toward her.*)

Alv. (*Rushes towards her, and catches her as
 she is falling.*)

O gracious heaven! it is, it is Teresa!
 Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock
 Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
 And Joy compleat what Terror has begun.
 O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!
 'Teresa, best belov'd! pale, pale, and cold!
 Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!

Ter. (*Recovering, looks round wildly.*)

I heard a voice; but often in my dreams
 I hear that voice! and wake, and try—and try—
 To hear it waking! but I never could—
 And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—
 Murder'd perhaps! And I am faint, and feel
 As if it were no painful thing to die!

Alv. (*eagerly,*)

Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,
 Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture,
 Fram'd by a guilty wretch.

Ter. (*Retires from him, and feebly supports
 herself against a pillar of the dungeon.*)

Ha! Who art thou?

Alv. (*exceedingly affected.*)

Suborned by his brother—

Ter. Dids't thou murder him?
 And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,

I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

Alv. Ordonio—he—

Ter. If thou didst murder him—
His spirit ever at the throne of God
Asks mercy for thee : prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven!

Alv. Alvar was not murder'd.
Be calm! Be calm, sweet maid!

Ter. (*wildly*) Nay, nay, but tell me!

(*a pause, then presses her forehead.*)

O 'tis lost again!

This dull confused pain—

(*a pause, she gazes at ALVAR.*)

Mysterious man!

Methinks I can not fear thee : for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart! And *he* suborn'd thee,
And thou did'st spare his life? Blessings shower
on thee,

As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!

Alv. I can endure no more. The Moorish sorcerer

Exists but in the stain upon this face.

That picture—

Ter. (*advances towards him*) Ha! speak on!

Alv. Belov'd Teresa!

It told but half the truth. O let this portrait
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!
Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.

[*Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.*]

Ter. (*receiving the portrait.*)

The same—it is the same. Ah! Who art thou?
Nay I will call thee, Alvar. (*She falls on his neck.*)

Alv. O joy unutterable!

But hark ! a sound as of removing bars
 At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while
 Conceal thyself, my love ! It is Ordonio.
 For the honour of our race, for our dear father ;
 O for himself too (he is still my brother)
 Let me recall him to his nobler nature,
 That he may wake as from a dream of murder !
 O let me reconcile him to himself,
 Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
 And be once more his beloved Alvar.

Ter. O my all-virtuous Love ! I fear to leave
 thee

With that obdurate man.

Alv. Thou dost not leave me !

But a brief while retire into the darkness :

O that my joy could spread it's sunshine round thee !

Ter. The sound of thy voice shall be my music !

[*Retiring, she returns hastily and embracing*
 ALVAR.]

Alvar ! my Alvar ! am I sure I hold thee ?

Is it no dream ? thee in my arms, my Alvar !

[*Exit.*

[*A noise at the Dungeon door. It opens, and*
 ORDONIO enters, with a goblet in his hand.

Ord. Hail, potent wizzard ! in my gayer mood
 I pour'd forth a libation to oblivion,
 And as I brimm'd the bowl, I thought on thee.
 Thou hast conspired against my life and honor,
 Hast trick'd me foully ; yet I hate thee not.
 Why should I hate thee ? this same world of ours,
 'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,
 And we the air-bladders that course up and down,
 And joust and tilt in merry tournament ;
 And when one bubble runs foul of another,
 (waving his hand to ALVAR.)
 The weaker needs must break.

Alv. I see thy heart !
 There is a frightful glitter in thine eye,
 Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortur'd man,
 This is the wildness of a drunken anguish,
 Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
 And quell each human feeling.

Ord. Feeling ! feeling !
 The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—
 'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes ;
 But faintness, cold, and hunger—curses on me
 If willingly I e'er inflicted them !
 Come, take the beverage ; this chill place demands
 it. [*ORDONIO proffers the goblet.*]

Alv. Yon insect on the wall,
 Which moves this way and that, it's hundred limbs,
 Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
 It were an infinitely curious thing !
 But it has life, Ordonio ! life, enjoyment !
 And by the power of its miraculous will
 Wiolds all the complex movements of its frame
 Unerringly to pleasurable Ends !
 Saw I that insect on this goblet brim
 I would remove it.

Ord. What meanest thou ?

Alv. There's poison in the wine.

Ord. Thou hast guess'd right ; there's poison in
 the wine.

There's poison in't— which of us two shall drink it ?
 For one of us must die !

Alv. Whom dost thou think me ?

Ord. The accomplice and sworn friend of Isi-
 dore.

Alv. I know him not.

And yet, methinks, I have heard the name but
 lately.

Means he the husband of the Moorish woman ?
 Isidore ? Isidore ?

Ord. Good! good! that Lie! by heaven it has
restor'd me.

Now I am thy master!—Villain! thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death:

Alv. What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep?

[*ALVAR takes the goblet, and throws it to
the ground.*

My master!

Ord. Thou mountebank!

Alv. Mountebank and villain!

What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!
What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm?

I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!

I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,

And turn it to a motionless distraction!

Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,

Thy faith in universal villany,

Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn

For all thy human brethren—out upon them!

What have they done for thee? have they given
thee peace?

Cur'd thee of starting in thy sleep? or made
The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at mid-
night?

Art happy when alone? Can'st walk by thyself
With even step and quiet cheerfulness?

Yet, yet thou may'st be sav'd——

Ord. (*vacantly repeating the words.*)

Sav'd? sav'd?

Alv.

One pang!

Could I call up one pang of true Remorse!

Ord. He told me of the babes that prattled to him,
His fatherless little ones! Remorse! Remorse!

Where got'st thou that fool's word? Curse on
Remorse!

Can it give up the dead, or recompact
 A mangled body? mangled—dash'd to atoms!
 Not all the blessings of an host of angels
 Can blow away a desolate widow's curse!
 And though thou spill thy heart's blood for atone-
 ment,

It will not weigh against an orphan's tear.

Alv. But Alvar——

(almost overcome by his feelings.)

Ord. Ha! it choaks thee in the throat,
 Even thee; and yet I pray thee speak it out—
 Still Alvar!—Alvar!—howl it mine ear!
 Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,
 And shoot hissing it through my brain!

Alv.

Alas!

That day when thou did'st leap from off the rock
 Into the waves, and grasp'd thy sinking brother,
 And bore him to the strand; then, son of Valdez,
 How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!
 Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,
 And thou wert dear to him: heaven only knows
 How very dear thou wert! Why did'st thou hate
 him?

O heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,
 And weep forgiveness!

Ord.

Spirit of the dead!

Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild
 At its own dreams!—off—off—fantastic shadow!

Alv. (seizing his hand)

I fain would tell thee what I am; but dare not!

Ord. Cheat! villain! traitor! whatso'er thou
 be— I fear thee, man!

Ter. (rushing out and falling on ALVAR'S neck)
 Ordonio, 'tis thy brother!

[ORDONIO with frantic wildness runs upon
 ALVAR with his sword. TERESA flings her-
 self on ORDONIO and arrests his arm.]

Stop, madman stop!

Alv. Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds,
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marr'd perhaps all trait and lineament,
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,
My anguish for thy guilt!

Ordonio—Brother!—

Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

Ord. (*drawing back, and gazing at ALVAR
with a countenance of at once awe and terror.*)

Touch me not!

Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.

(*He attempts to fall on his sword, ALVAR and
TERESA prevent him.*)

Alv. We will find means to save your honor, live!
Oh live, Ordonio, for our Father's sake!
Spare his grey hairs!

Ter. Oh, you may yet be happy.

Ord. O, horror! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy!
Live! Live! Why yes! 'Twere well to live with you:
For is it fit a villain should be proud?
My Brother! I will kneel to you, my Brother!

(*kneeling.*)

Forgive me, Alvar!—Curse me with forgiveness!

Alv. Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round
thee!

Now is the time for greatness! Think that heaven—

Ter. O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.

Ord. (*pointing at vacancy.*)

Yes mark his eye! there's facination in it!

Thou saidst thou didst not know him—That is he!

He comes upon me!

Alv. Heal, O heal him, heaven!

Ord. Nearer and nearer! and I can not stir!

Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?
He would have died to save me, and I killed him—
A husband and a father!—

Ter. Some secret poison
Drinks up his spirit!

Ord. (*fiercely recollecting himself*).

Let the Eternal Justice,
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—
I will not bear to live—to live—O agony!
And be myself alone my own sore torment!

(*The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and
in rush ALHADRA, and the band of Morescoes*).

Alhad. Seize first that man!

(*ALVAR presses on as if to defend ORDONIO*).

Ord. Off, Ruffians! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it!
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.

Alhad. My husband—

Ord. Yes, I murder'd him most foully.

Alhad. Why didst thou leave his children?

Demon, thou shouldst have sent thy dogs of hell
To lap their blood. Then, then I might have
hardened

My soul in misery, and have had comfort.

I would have stood far off; quiet tho' dark,
And bade the race of men raise up a mourning
For the deep horror of a desolation;

Too great to be one soul's particular lot!

Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.

[*Struggling to suppress her feelings*].

The time is not yet come for woman's anguish,
I have not seen his blood—Within an hour
Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!

Wert thou in heaven, my curse should pluck thee
thence !

Ter. He doth repent ! See, see, I kneel to thee !
O let him live ! That aged man, his father !

Alhad. (*sternly*) Why had he such a son ?
(*Shouts from the distance of, RESCUE ! RES-
CUE ! ALVAR ! ALVAR ! and the voice of
VALDEZ heard.*)

Alhad. Rescue ?—and Isidore's Spirit unre-
venged ?

The deed be mine ! (*suddenly stabs ORDONIO.*)
Now take my Life !

Alv. (*while with TERESA supporting ORDONIO.*)
Arm of avenging Heaven !

Thou hast snatch'd from me my most cherish'd
hope—

But go ! my word is pledged to thee. Away !
Brave not my Father's Vengeance !

[*The Moors hurry off ALHADRA.*

Ord. She hath aveng'd the blood of Isidore !
I stood in silence like a slave before her
That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,
And satiate this self-accusing heart
With bitterer agonies than death can give.
Forgive me, Alvar !—

Oh !—could'st thou forget me !
[*Dies.*

[*The stage fills with armed peasants, and ser-
vants, ZULIMEZ and VALDEZ at their
head. VALDEZ rushes into ALVAR'S
arms.*]

Alv. Turn not thy face that way, my father ! hide,
Oh hide it from his eye ! Oh let thy joy
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.
(*Both kneel to VALDEZ.*)

Vald. My Son ! My Alvar ! bless, Oh bless him,
heaven !

Ter. Me too, my Father?

Vald. Bless, Oh bless my children!
(*both rise*).

Alc. Delights so full, if unalloy'd with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events,
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice,
Our inward Monitress to guide or warn,
If listened to; but if repelled with scorn,
At length as dire REMORSE, she reappears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish tears!
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate,

THE END.

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4.

